Engl. theat. vol. 2
2
7413

CARTOUCHE.

OR,

The *ROBBERS*,

A

COMEDY.

As it was Acted many Times with great Applause at *PARIS*.

By Monsieur *Le Grand*, Comedian to the King.

Translated from the French.

LONDON:

Printed for J. ROBERTS, in *Warwick-Lane*, 1722.

Price 1 *s*.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Tradewell. A rich Merchant.
Freelove. In Love with *Iſabella.*
Noddy. A Country Squire, Rival to *Freelove.*
Shamwell. Clerk to *Freelove's* Father, an Attorney, and one of the Robbers.
Jeremy. Footman to *Tradewell.*
Cartouche. Captain of the Gang.
Young Cartouche. A Pick Pocket.
Piſtol. *Cartouche's* Lieutenant.
Scalado.
Harleſs.
Knockdown. } Robbers.
Vulcan. A Smith
Three young Pick Pockets, two of them Shoo-Cleaners, the other a Link-boy.
Pilfer. A Robber in a Fryer's Habit.
Landlord of the Inn.
Two *Drawers.*
An *Exempt.*
Two *Soldiers.*
Another *Exempt* and *Soldiers.*

WOMEN.

Iſabella. Daughter to *Tradewell.*
Madam *Trickſy.* A Receiver of ſtoln Goods.

The SCENE PARIS.

CARTOUCHE
OR,
The ROBBERS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Scene is an Inn, in the Suburbs of Paris.

Freelove. Shamwell.

Freelove. WELL, honeſt *Shamwell*, how do our affairs go on?

Shamwell. I have juſt been at the Inn; and I hear that your Rival,

'Squire *Noddy*, is expected in Town this evening with the Stage-Coach.

Freel. And is to marry *Iſabella* to morrow Morning. Then I am undone.

Shamw. Hold, hold: ſoft and fair. He is farther off of marrying her than he imagines. Mr. *Tradewell* has promis'd her to you, and is not likely to get rid of his promiſe ſo eaſily.

Freel. If you proceed with no better ſucceſs than you have done hitherto, I ſee but little reaſon to depend upon you: for I am poſitively aſſur'd that Mr. *Tradewell* has made all the neceſſary preparations for his Daughters Wedding againſt to morrow. He has even beſpoke Muſick this evening, to divert the Squire with a Conſort as ſoon as he comes to Town.

Shamw. It may be ſo; and I'll undertake for the Squire, that he ſhall go down into the Country again without hearing one Tune of that Conſort.

Freel. Is it poſſible her Father can be ſo unkind and unjuſt, as to break his word with me, in favour of a ſimple Fellow he has never ſeen; and that comes to him upon no other recommendation as I can underſtand, but that his Father is a man of a good eſtate in the Country, and was formerly an intimate acquaintance of Mr. *Tradewell*'s?

Shamw.

Shamw. And do you think it a ſmall matter to have a Father that's rich and generous? He has already preſented his Daughter in Law that is to be, with a pair of fine Brilliant Earrings, and a Diamond Buckle. Your Father could never find in his heart to do half ſo much upon your account. But to the matter in hand. I have been all this morning looking out for ſome friends of mine, that are to aſſiſt me in a deſign I have upon the Anvil; and I can't meet with any of them.

Freel. And what courſe do you propoſe to take?

Shamw. Nay, that's a Secret. I am reſolved to act upon my own bottom; and if I ſucceed, I ſhall have all the glory to my ſelf. In the mean time, Maſter *Freelove*, you won't forget what you promiſed me.

Freel. Depend upon it, I will not. If I marry *Iſabella* by your means, I'll put you in a way to purchaſe my Father's place of him.

Shamw. That's what I would be at. I am quite tired of being an Under-Clerk: I make but poor earnings of it; and I find my ſelf very violently bent upon getting together a large eſtate, when once I come to do buſineſs for my ſelf.

Freel. I'll ſay that for you, you have no occaſion to complain. You have made very

good uſe of your time and parts, ſince you firſt came to be Clerk to my Father.

Shamw. I don't ſet any great value upon that: but as I have been induſtrious in many different occupations to cheat people out of their own, I am willing to crown the work at laſt, and to ſet up for a Lawyer.

Freel. It ſhall not be my fault if you are diſappointed. My own inclinations are ſo ſtrong towards Merchandize, that I cannot think with patience of following my Fathers profeſſion. But as to the buſineſs of *Noddy*. Do you think that by the deſcription I have given you, you could know him if you met him?

Shamw. I make no manner of queſtion of it. Let me ſee: You ſay he has a ſtiff clowniſh carriage, and a heavy Countenance. I have the Man by heart. I could find him out among a thouſand. But I ſee one coming this way that I fancy I know. If it be as I imagine, he is a Brother in iniquity, and will be of ſpecial ſervice to us in our buſineſs. If you'll do ſo much as ſtep aſide a little, I'll ſcrape acquaintance with him.

Freel. With all my Heart.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Shamwell. Piſtol.

Shamwell. SURE I am not miſtaken! No, 'tis the very Man. [*Aſide.*]

Piſtol. That Fellow yonder looks curſed ſuſpiciouſly. Somebody that remembers me, I doubt. [*Aſide.*]

Shamw. My Friend *Piſtol*; Is it you I have been ſtaring at all this while?

Piſt. And who would expected to have ſeen your Worſhip at *Paris?* I heard you were in the Service at Sea.

Shamw. I did indeed ſerve about three Years on board under a Commiſſion from a Court of Juſtice; but I have quitted my Poſt for ſome time.

Piſt. How came that about?

Shamw. Alas! Sir, you know that the Sea-Service has been very much reduced of late Years.

Piſt. And pray what preferment did you meet with?

Shamw. I was Maſter ——

Piſt. Of a Veſſel?

Shamw. No; of an Oar.

Piſt.

Piſt. In a Galley, I ſuppoſe. I wonder you'd give up ſo conſiderable a Poſt.

Shamw. It was my fate to be caſhier'd as well as the reſt; and being forc'd to betake my ſelf to another calling, I choſe to belong to the Gown, and to be a Lawyer's Clerk.

Piſt. A Lawyer's Clerk! How could you undervalue your ſelf at that rate? You have then quite left off your old Trade. I remember you formerly, when you were the cleverest Fellow at cutting a Purſe or ſnatching a Sword of any that walked the Streets of *Paris*. I never imagin'd you would have forſaken ſo honourable a Profeſſion.

Shamw. I have not at all forſaken my old buſineſs of thieving, only I follow it after a more creditable and ſecure manner: I can now go as far that way with three ſtrokes of a Pen, as I could before by diving into ten Pockets.

Piſt. You'll never make me believe that your preſent buſineſs is half ſo much worth to you, as your old one.

Shamw. I can't help what you think: but I can aſſure you we ſtrike a great many bold ſtrokes in our way: But prethee, what is thy preſent employment?

Piſt. I am Lieutenant of a marching Company.

Shamw. Whereabouts are you quartered?

Piſt. Here. In *Paris*.

Shamw.

Shamw. And where do you mount the Guard? I wonder I never ſaw you bringing up your Company.

Piſt. That is becauſe we generally march in the Night without beat of Drum.

Shamw. O! I underſtand ye: And pray what may be the Captains Name?

Piſt. CARTOUCHE.

Shamw. What! is it the famous *Cartouche* that every body's Mouth is ſo full of? He is a bold Man.

Piſt. The very ſame.

Shamw. Why, there is never a General at this day that has better Reputation for military Stratagems than he.

Piſt. No Officer alive ever made bolder attacks nor more handſome retreats.

Shamw. But there is one fault in him. They ſay he fatigues his Soldiers too much, and forces 'em every day to make new encampments.

Piſt. 'Tis true he alters his ſtation as often as he ſees occaſion: But that is a good part of Martial Conduct in ſuch as he, who are commanders of a Flying Camp.

Shamw. And is your Company handſomely entertain'd?

Piſt. You need not doubt that. We encamp every day upon the Enemy's ground: and have laid all *Paris* under Contribution.

Shamw.

Shamw. Pray where may your Captain be at preſent?

Piſt. He is juſt now at the little Inn yonder. He is very ſafe there, becauſe the Man of the Houſe is one of our Comrades.

Shamw. What buſineſs is he upon?

Piſt. He is gone to ſit in Council; afterwards he calls his People to account for the Plunders of the laſt Night; and examines what they have taken from the Enemy.

Shamw. Hold! I have juſt now hit upon ſomething to propoſe to him: But I muſt not be ſeen in it my ſelf, becauſe I am over head and ears in debt.

Piſt. Whenever you have a mind to it, we can eaſily clear you of your Debts. We have done that good office for ſeveral of our Friends.

Shamw. Prithee what Method do you take for that?

Piſt. Why, I'll tell you: Do you make an appointment for your Creditors to meet you at any time or place you think fit, to receive ſatisfaction for their Debts: *Cartouche* will lay down the mony for you, and after they have all given you full diſcharges, we'll waylay 'em in the Street as they go home, and take their mony away from 'em.

Shamw. Faith, that's no ill contrivance.

Piſt. But this is to be upon Condition that you be come one of our Gang, and take the Oath

Oath of Fidelity as the reſt do: For he will truſt no body without this ſecurity.

Shamw. Can't you as well vouch for me?

Piſt. That wou'd be of no ſervice at all.

Shamw. What the Devil? Am I in expectation of entring into the worſhipful Society of Attorneys, and you would perſuade me to be a member of a Society of Thieves. —— Not that my Conſcience ſtartles more at one than t'other: But however ——

Piſt. But however you muſt make your choice; you can't follow the long Robe and the Sword at the ſame time.

Shamw. You make a merry Diſtinction. Can't I be a Lawyer all day, and a Thief at Night?

Piſt. If our Captain thinks well of it, with all my heart. Here he comes. If you'l take care to keep within ſight; I'll introduce you, when there's an Opportunity.

SCENE III.

Cartouche, Piſtol, Scalado, Earleſs, Knockdown, Vulcan, Young *Cartouche,* Mrs. *Trickſy,* three young Pickpockets, the Landlord, and three Drawers.

Cartouche. HEalth, Money, and keen Appetites to you all, my noble Friends, kind Partners of my Fortune; as for Glory I need not wiſh you more

more: We all enjoy it in as high a Degree as Men can poſſibly deſire.

When I reflect, Gentlemen, upon the Viciſſitude of human Affairs, I find the old Proverb proves true, which tells us, that *tho' the Days follow one another, yet they are not like one another.* While we are toſt upon this tempeſtuous Sea, our Days have a various mixture of hope and fear; ſucceſs and diſappointment; plenty and neceſſity; pleaſure and pain.

The whole Scheme of our Profeſſion is made up of two Parts; to catch what we can, and not to be catch'd our ſelves. The Property of others is our own, if we can but lay hold of it. On the other hand, it behoves us now more than ever to conſider that we are abſolutely ruin'd, if we are ſo unfortunate as to fall into the hands of our Enemies, who as we find by experience uſe their Priſoners of War but ſcurvily. We have not one inſtance, that ever they had the generoſity to ſend any of them back upon their parole of Honour. Theſe things conſider'd, my good Friends, I expect your Advice how we had beſt proceed in this Critical Juncture; and what are the moſt convenient Steps to take for our Advantage and Security.

The Queſtion upon the whole is, whether we ſhall ſtay in *Paris*, or make an excurſion into the Country. I would take the Advice of you

all

all upon this head, and let every one ſpeak according to his Seniority.

Piſt. Since you call upon us, noble Captain, to deliver our Opinions; I will take the Liberty to acquaint you, that your Courage has done you much Harm, and the daily Conqueſts you make adds to the Number of your Enemies. *Paris* has been for ſome time ſo taken up with your Exploits, that, inſtead of complimenting or bidding one another good morrow, People when they meet together, enquire after nothing elſe but *whether Cartouche be taken.* Forſake therefore this ungrateful City, the place of your Nativity, which thirſts after your Blood. Conſider the thick Woods, the Mountains and the Rocks, are the only Places you can be ſecure in. Withdraw your ſelf immediately, and preſerve that invaluable Life, upon which depend the Lives of ſo many brave Spirits as compoſe this Honourable Aſſembly. This is my Opinion.

Scal. I am of another Mind. I think our Captain can't do better than to ſtay in *Paris.* All the Roads are guarded; every Market Town has his Picture; beſides, how ſhall we be able in the Country to perform a quarter of the brave Actions we do daily in *Paris?* I would indeed adviſe, that our General ſhould keep himſelf a little more private. He appears at the Balls, the Play-Houſe, and the Fireworks. He will be preſent at all publick Diverſions.

Cart. That is my Glory, and my Security; that I am ſearched after every day, and am ſeen every where, and yet no body dares meddle with me.

Piſt. Then let us reſolve to ſtay at *Paris*.

Scal. I am of that mind,

Earl. and I.

Vulc. And I.

Cart. I ſubmit to the Judgment of the Company. We are reſolv'd to ſtay in Town; and if we muſt die, let us however die like Men, with our Swords in our Hands. This I expect from your Reſolution, and this you may depend upon from mine. Now for other buſineſs. Come, Gentlemen, let every Man bring up to the Table the Plunder of the Night. Who patroll'd laſt Night upon the *Pont neuf*?

Earl. Noble Captain, it was *Cutthroat*, *Terrible* and I.

Cart. What have you brought us in?

Earl. Four Swords, and two Goldheaded Canes.

Cart. Let me ſee 'em.

Earl. Here they be.

Cart. Looking upon the Swords. How often have I told you I would have none but Silver Hilts? Here are tattered Handles indeed. I have a good mind, ye Raſcals, to make you go and carry 'em back again.

Earl. The Blades are true Mettle, and faith

I think they are well enough, conſidering the Price they coſt.

Cart. Enough, enough: but take more care another time. Whoſe turn was it to walk *Denis Street?*

Scal. Hatchetface, and I, and *Bluſter.*

Cart. Well, and what have you got?

Scal. Six pieces of Holland, and Four of Muſlin.

Cart. taking the Pieces. Where are they? What have we got here? This Holland is fit for nothing but Towels, and the Muſlin is full of Frays.

Scal. Upon my Honour Sir, the Shopkeepers have no Encouragement to buy better. People have ſo run out their Money in Stocks, they are glad to wear any thing.

Cart. To the next. Who ſneak'd to Night in *Noyers Street?*

Knockd. I and *Sweetner* and *Runaway.*

Cart. What Luck have you had?

Knockd. We found two young Stockjobbers Drunk, who had got their load at a Gaming-Houſe hard by.

Cart. What did you get out of 'em?

Knockd. Their Cloaths, and new Wiggs.

Cart. And what elſe?

Knockd. Nothing at all.

Cart. How? Nothing at all? Will you make me believe that Men in ſuch a Dreſs had no Mony nor Watches about 'em?

Knockd.

Knockd. You are in the right: But the Gameſters had been before hand with us, and ſtript 'em of their Watches and Money.

Cart. Pray ſet a mark upon thoſe Gameſters, and take care to fleece 'em to morrow Night. I'll teach 'em to encroach upon the rights of the Treaſury. The Money is ours, and muſt be brought back. Who walk'd the Rounds in *Fromanteau Street*?

Vulc. Rakeſhame, Dreadnaught and I.

Cart. What did you do there?

Vulc. We met an Abbot in a Scarlet Gown, that had been at Supper in the City.

Cart. Had he any Money about him?

Vulc. Not a Farthing. We ſearch'd his Pockets, and found nothing but a Fan and a Patch Box.

Cart. That was a poor Story indeed, Well! who was upon Duty at the *Faux Bourg* St. *Germain*?

Piſt. Gibbet and *Sharper* and I.

Cart. And what have you brought off?

Piſt. We don't know what it is yet. We met a *Gaſcon* who gave us a great many Papers, but the Devil a penny of Money could we find about him.

Cart. That's very ſtrange.

Piſt. He would fain have perſuaded us to have beſtowed Charity upon him.

Cart. What did he mean by that?

Piſt.

Piſt. When I clapped my Piſtol to his Breaſt and bid him deliver, *Save thy ſweet Heart, joy,* ſaid he, *I was a going to bid thee ſtand.* I would not be ſhuffl'd off ſo: but I took his Pocket book from him. There muſt be ſomething of value in it, for before we were out of ſight, he raiſed the neighbourhood by crying *Murder, Thieves, I am undone.* The Dog had like to have taken us, for the Watch were but in the next Street.

Cart. We'll examine a little what there is in this Pocket Book.

Cartouche *reads.* The Genealogy of the Chevalier *de Caſtel Mince* ——————

The Count *de Beau* married to Madam-—— ——— a Lady of a great Family —— allied collaterally to *William* Duke of ——— —— Here's nothing as I ſee but the Puppy's Pedigree and his Taylors Bills ——— Gentlemen, here muſt be ſome Roguery amongſt us; ſome body or other has pocketed the Booty, and cheated the Company.

Piſt. Don't ſay ſo, noble Captain. I dare ſay that you have to do with none but honeſt Men.

Cart. I am afraid not? Gentlemen, Rob, Steal, Plunder where you will, but let us keep every thing fair and honeſt among our ſelves.

Piſt. I believe there's no body here but ſcorns to do a diſhonourable Action.

Cart. To his little Brother. Well, you young Dog;

Dog; I hope you have made good uſe of your time.

Young Cart. No indeed, Brother, I have had very ill luck: I was taken yeſterday with my hand in a Lady's Pocket, as ſhe was coming from the Opera; and they beat and buffeted me that I was afraid they would have knock'd my Brains out: I had much ado to get out of their Hands.

Cart. Out, you clumſy Cur, you miſtook the Pocket: This little Raſcal will never be worth a button. This it is to want good Education.

Young Cart. Could I help it if the Lady was tickliſh?

Cart. Get you gone, Sirrah. You'll never come up to your Brother. When I was at your age, I wou'd have broken open ever a Lock in *Paris*.

Piſt. Have patience, noble Captain. The beginning of every thing is difficult. The Lad will improve in time.

Cart. Enough of that. Call Mrs. *Trickſy*.

Trickſy. D'ye want me, Sir?

Cart. Here Mrs. *Trickſy*. Carry theſe Cloths to Mrs. *Frippery*, and bid her make as much Money as ſhe can of them, and bring it me as ſoon as poſſible; D'ye underſtand me?

Trickſy. Yes, Sir.

Cart. Then make haſt.

[*Exeunt* Trickſy, *and the two Drawers.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Cartouche, Piſtol, Scalado, Earleſs, Knock-down, Vulcan, Young Cartouche, Three little Pick Pockets.

Cartouche. SCALADO, run preſently to our Sword Cutler at *Pont Neuf*; bid him alter theſe Swords quickly, and take care to fit the Blade of one to the Hilt of the other.

Scalado. You need not put him in mind of that; no more than to bid our Watchmakers change the Movements and the Caſes of the Watches.

SCENE V.

Cartouche, Piſtol, Earleſs, Knockdown, Vulcan, Shamwell, Young Cartouche, and the Three young Pick Pockets.

Cartouche. PISTOL, ask that Man yonder whether he has any thing to offer.

Piſtol. Noble Captain, he is an old acquaintance of mine, that has a mind to ſettle in the World; and is ambitious of the Honour of being admitted into our Society.

Cart. With all my Heart; Is he a Man of good morals?

Piſt. His morals will ſcarcely corrupt ours.

Cart. Can you anſwer for his honeſty?

Piſt. As freely as for my own. I have known him a long time.

Cart. Let him come forward. Well, Friend, what is your buſineſs with me?

Shamw. Sir, I have made one of a Company that has viſited *Beaucair* Fair three times; and I had the honour once to be preſent at the Attack of the *Lyons* Coach.

Cart. That's a hopeful Sign.

Shamw. I'll venture to ſay further for my ſelf; that, at ſingle fight, no man living is more dexterous for diſarming his enemy.

Cart. What proof have you of your Abilities?

Shamw. Three years Service at the Gallies.

Cart. Have you been in no Service ſince?

Shamw. No otherwiſe, than for two years laſt paſt I have been Clerk to an Attorney.

Cart. To an Attorney! Thoſe two years Service ſhall go to account; but I think, Friend, you had beſt keep that ſervice ſtill. You'll be able to give us information what is doing in the Courts of Juſtice. In the mean time you are admitted into this Society.

Shamw. You do me a great Honour. At preſent I have an Affair to acquaint you with, wherein you may ſerve your ſelf, and at the ſame time do a kindneſs to a particular Friend of mine.

Cart.

Cart. What is the Affair you ſpeak of?

Shamw. A young 'Squire that has a rich Father in the Country comes to Town to night, in order to marry a young Lady that my Maſters Son has been in love with a long time.

Cart. And you, I ſuppoſe, would have us meet the young 'Squire as ſoon as he comes to Town, and rob him, and bully him, and threaten to cut his Throat, if he don't immediately go into the Country without ſeeing his Miſtreſs.

Sham. You have gueſs'd pretty near the matter.

Cart. That's a trifle. You ſhall give me a more particular relation of the matter, and we'll concert meaſures how to bring it about. Here, *Piſtol.*

Piſtol. Sir.

Cart. Step to the Alehouſe in the next ſtreet, and enquire when my Lord ſets out, and whether he has received his Mony from *England.*

SCENE VI.

Cartouche, Knockdown, Earleſs, Vulcan, Shamwell, Young Cartouche, and the Three little Pick Pockets.

Cartouche. AND you, *Knockdown*, go to the Vault that our Locksmith

a Picklock Key for the other day. Take out a Hundred Bottles of Champaign, and make a preſent of them to the Lady that has ſo generouſly protected us.

And you, little Raſcals, get into the crowd, and fall to work as faſt as you can.

SCENE VII.

Cartouche, Earleſs, Vulcan, Shamwell.

Cartouche. THE reſt of you may withdraw a little; and be ſure to be in readineſs at a minute's warning, for a deſign I expect to put in execution every moment.

Earleſs. But, noble Captain, you'll pleaſe to give us the Watch word.

Cart. You need only aſk if the *Four Ladies* are above.

Earl. That's enough.

SCENE VIII.

Cartouche, Shamwell.

Cartouche. YOU ſee now that this buſineſs requires great application. We have every day concerns with different People. O! 'tis a mighty fatigue.

Shamw. There's no man but your ſelf that is capable of undergoing it. But I fancy I ſee one

one at the end of the Street whom I take to be an Officer of the Guards.

Cart. You are in the right of it. It is an Officer and one of our Penſioners, whom we keep in pay to give us an account which way the guards are to move every day; that ſo we may keep out of their reach. O! we take care always to pay our Spies well.

Shamw. You are much in the right. 'Tis the way to be well ſerved. That Officer is not the Simpleton that followed you t'other day, whoſe Breech you kick'd ſoundly, according to report, before two Hundred Soldiers.

Cart. No, no. This man is a very honeſt Fellow.

SCENE IX.

Cartouche, Shamwell *and* Pilfer *in a Fryer's Diſguiſe.*

Cartouche. WHO comes there, *Pilfer?*

Pilf. Sir, take care of your ſelf; you are ſurpris'd. While I went to carry the Archers to the Place you lay in laſt Night to look for you; the Scoundrel you kick'd yeſterday has brought up others that I don't know. There are a Dozen of 'em in all.

SCENE X.

Cartouche, Shamwell.

Cartouche. HAVE you any Piſtols about you?

Shamw. No, Sir, I have only an Inkhorn, But that will ſerve to terrify 'em in a caſe of Neceſſity.

Cart. I muſt ſtep in a little to look whether my Arms are in order.

Shamw. But Sir ——

Cart. Fear nothing: you follow *Cæſar* and his Fortune.

SCENE XI.

The Exempt. Hector, *a Soldier*; *Several other Soldiers.*

Exempt. GEntlemen, now we are ſure we have *Cartouche* faſt. He is certainly in this Houſe: I hope you are all ſtout.

Hector. Ay, ay, as bold as lyons.

Exem. Then who ſhall go in firſt?

Hect. Alas, Sir, your ſelf to be ſure. We are all under your Command.

Exem. It is not prudence in a ſuperiour Officer to expoſe his Perſon at that rate. It is more proper you to lead, *Hector.*

Hector.

Hector. I would not be ſo unmannerly as to go in before you: beſides there are older ſtanders than I in the Company.

Exem. Who are they?

Hect. There's *Storm* and *Scamper* were in the Company long before me, but I know they won't care for it. Therefore I think we had better ſtay here, and wait till he comes out, and then ſeize him boldly.

Exem. Ay, if he would but come out now.

Hect. Look here. Here he comes.

Exem. We'll ſtand aſide a little.

Hector. That's the beſt way in my mind. There are Two of them, and we have but Twelve. It is not a fair match,

---

SCENE XII.

Cartouche, Shamwell, the Exempt, Hector, *and other Soldiers.*

Cartouche to the Exempt. DARE to ſtir an inch further, you Dog, and I'll ſinge your beard for you.

Cartouche *paſſes through the Soldiers,* Shamwell *following him. He fires a Piſtol, upon which all the Soldiers fall upon their faces.*

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

The Exempt, Hector, *and Soldiers.*

Exempt: getting up with the reſt. ARE we wounded?

Hector. No, thanks be prais'd.

Exem. Then we'll march off. Let us retreat in good order. We have done our duty, but we muſt ſubmit to the greater force. We'll find an opportunity to catch him another time.

The End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Scene, a publick Street.

Piſtol. YOU tell me ſad news. Are you ſure our Captain is taken?

Shamw. If he ben't taken already, he is in a fair way to be ſo. I left him juſt now in a houſe in *Little Auſtin-ſtreet*, which was ſurrounded by above a Hundred Archers, and the Crowd were continually pouring in upon him. I ſaw him wound ſeveral, but his Ammunition began to fail him, and he cannot hold out long.

Piſt. What courſe muſt we take then? Alaſs!

Alas! we may very well ſay we have loſt the beſt flower in our Garden.

Shamw. For my part, I deſign to ſtick to my old Maſter the Attorney.

Piſt. And I believe I muſt turn Taylor again. But 'tis a little hard at my age, when I have got into the uppermoſt form in the School of Thievery, to be forc'd to learn my hornbook over again.

Shamw. But after all, I don't ſee we need be ſo much diſheartened: We can chuſe us another Captain.

Piſt. Where ſhall we find one that is fit to ſucceed him?

Shamw. I dare ſay we have ſome among us that are capable of filling his Poſt; and for my part, I could give you my Vote very freely.

Piſt. You have too high an opinion of my Abilities. I would much rather Vote to prefer you. You are qualified both for Council and Action; and if you have not forgot your buſineſs ſince I was acquainted with you ſome years ago, there is not a greater man in all our Company than your ſelf.

Shamw. Every man in his way: but I entertain no ſuch high conceits. I ſhould be aſhamed to ſee ſo many worthy Gentlemen under my command.

Piſt. What factions and intrigues do I

foreſee in our Election? I wiſh it does not ſhock our Conſtitution.

Shamw. Well then. I fancy it will be beſt to change our Captain once a year; and chuſe the firſt by the Caſt of a Dye.

Piſt. A proper expedient. But here's *Scalado* come, and he'll tell us more news.

SCENE II.

Piſtol, Shamwell, Scalado, Knockdown, Earleſs.

Scal. GEntlemen, merry be your hearts, Our Captain has got off again.

Shamw. A good hearing. And how did he ſave himſelf?

Scal. He fought it out till he had neither Powder nor Ball left; and in this extremity he ſtript to his Shirt, and crept up the Chimney.

Piſtol. Up the Chimney?

Scal. So belike. Then he got over two or three houſes, and ſo into a Garret-window; where pretending to be purſued for debt, the people gave him an old Frock, in which diſguiſe he walked thro' the Soldiers and eſcaped.

Piſt. No body could have ſhewn ſo much addreſs, but *Cartouche* himſelf. Can you tell where he is now?

Scal. He's here at hand.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Cartouche *in his Frock.* Piſtol, Shamwell, Scalado. Knockdown, Earleſs.

Car. MY brave Boys, let me embrace you. Faith; I was in jeopardy; I was afraid we ſhould never have ſeen one another again.

Piſt. Your loſs would have been a mighty Blow to us. We ſhould all have felt it.

Car. But now the danger is over, we'll drink half a dozen Bumpers apiece, and forget it for good and all. The Truth is, I am a little concern'd too; for poor *Cutthroat* and *Terrible* are fell into the Enemies hands.

Piſt. That's bad indeed.

Car. Ay, upon my Honour, ſo it is. We ſhall not find it an eaſy matter to put two ſuch in their places.

Piſt. A Man can't make himſelf as uſeful as they [illegible] to us, under twenty Years ſervice.

Scal. Moſt certainly. But Captain, you are pretty much ſpent. You had beſt take ſome Refreſhment.

Cart. Let 'em mull me a Pint of Sack.

Shamw. Won't you lie down, and repoſe your ſelf a little.

Cart. What! I lie down in the height of the Market? No, no: It's juſt Nine o'clock. It is time to go upon Buſineſs.

Scal. It will be proper for you to change your Cloaths, before you go.

Cart. I'll change them as I go along. The firſt Man I meet with a new Suit of Cloaths that will fit me; I'll take them off of his Back, and give him mine in exchange.

SCENE IV.

Cartouche *in his Frock.* Piſtol, Shamwell, Scalado, Knockdown, Earleſs, Pilfer.

Pilf. SIR, the Country 'Squire has juſt turn'd the corner of the Street, and is enquiring for Mr. *Tradewell*'s Houſe.

Cart. Come along. We'll draw up in Ambuſh hard by, and there we'll conſult how to rob him. We muſt pump his Secrets out of him, to enable us to go afterwards, and make a Penny of his new Father-in-law. *Shamwell*, have you provided your Conſtable's Staff?

Shamw. Yes, yes. I am ready to make uſe of it upon occaſion.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Noddy *Solus.*

Nod. A Peſcods take that Hackney-Coach; I had hardly got into it, but it overturn'd; and I have been this whole Hour walking from place to place, and can't find Mr. *Tradewell*'s Houſe. This *Paris* is a large Town: one no ſooner gets to the end of one Street, but one finds another. I am glad tho', that I have not met with Thieves. My Father told me, that *Paris* was full of 'em. The People ſtare me in the Face as I go along, but no body affronts me; they are very civil; they all laugh at me. I ſhew 'em that I fear nothing; for I ſing all the way I go. O! Singing frightens Thieves mightily.

SCENE VI.

Shamwell, Noddy.

Shamw. YOur Money, Man, your Money.

Nodd. Laud, Sir, I don't know ye.

Sham. No matter whether you do or no. Deliver your Money, or ——

Nodd. Why, if you will have my Money, you muſt. There it is.

Shamw.

Shamw. How much is there in the Purſe?

Nodd. Ten Piſtols.

S. How! No more? Has ſuch a topping Fellow as you but ten Piſtols?

Nodd. I beg your pardon, Sir: if I thought I ſhould have had the honour of meeting with you, I would have put more Money in my Pocket.

S. This is barbarous indeed; to let a Gentleman venture his Neck for no more than ten Piſtols.

Nodd. If you think ſo, you may give 'em me back: and there is no harm done.

S. You don't conſider how precious my time is, and that whilſt I condeſcend to borrow ten pitiful Piſtoles of you, I loſe perhaps an Opportunity of getting a hundred in another place.

Nodd. Nay, I don't blame your then for being out of Humour.

S. What is that Ring upon your Finger?

Nodd. 'Tis a Diamond: but it is none of my own.

S. No matter for that, I muſt have it.

Nodd. O dear, Sir, you ask'd me for nothing but my Money. My Father ſent it up for a Preſent to his Daughter-in-law; and he'll be very angry with me for parting with it.

S. O fie! you muſt not give your Miſtreſs ſuch trifling Baubles as theſe. Have you no other Preſents for her?

Nodd. No indeed, Sir, I have nothing elſe.

S. Well then, good b'w'ye to ye; but you may as well get home as ſoon as you can for fear of Thieves.

Nodd. I thank you for your advice. I am ſure, I wou'd I had taken it a quarter of an hour ago.

SCENE VII.

Noddy *Solus.*

Nodd. WEll, it might have been worſe however. I am glad he did not feel the Two Hundred *Louis d'Ors* that my Father ſow'd up in the Lining of my Waſtcoat.

SCENE VIII.

Noddy. Piſtol.

Piſt. WHO goes there?

Nod. A Friend.

Piſt. Deliver.

Nodd.

Nodd. I aſſure you you come too late. I have deliver'd all that I had already.

Piſt. You was in deviliſh haſte ſure. Why did not you ſtay till I came? Have you nothing left? No Diamonds, nor any thing?

Nodd. No, he took away my Ring too.

Piſt. O the Raſcal! How unfortunate was I, that I did not come ſooner!

Nodd. Nay, it is ſomewhat vexatious indeed.

Piſt. Troth, I believe the fault was in you, to let another rob you purely to diſappoint me.

Nodd. I'll promiſe you, you are miſtaken. The Diamond was a very fine one, and it griev'd me heartily to loſe it.

Piſt. You need not trouble your ſelf. The loſs is more mine, than yours.

Nodd. How can that be?

Piſt. Becauſe the Rogue did not rob you; he rob'd me.

Nodd. Ay, but I am ſure my Money and Diamond are both gone.

Piſt. What then? If he had not taken them from you, I ſhould.

Nodd. I don't know but you are in the right. Let us cry out Thieves, and catch him if we can.

Both. Thieves, Thieves.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Noddy. Piſtol. Scalado. Knockdown.

Scal. WHere are theſe Thieves. Draw, Draw.

Piſt. to *Noddy.* Do you ſtand by me, and we'll fight them.

Nodd. No, I thank you, ſtand by your ſelf, if you pleaſe. This is the ſtrangeſt Man I ever ſaw. He would have me fight againſt theſe Gentlemen, that are come to take my part.

SCENE X.

Noddy. Scalado. Knockdown.

Scal. SIR, we are glad we had this Opportunity of giving you Aſſiſtance.

Nodd. Gentlemen, I thank you kindly.

Scal. Did the Rogue take any thing from you?

Nodd. No, Sir, but I was rob'd by another a little before he came.

Scal. Pray what might you loſe?

Nodd. Ten Piſtols, and my Diamond.

Scal. Sir, my Purſe is at your ſervice, take what Money you pleaſe.

Nodd. I thank you, Sir, for your good Will: But I have no occaſion.

Scal. Then I preſume, he did not take away all you had.

Nodd. Why ſince we are all Friends, I'll tell you. I have Two Hundred *Louis d'Ors* ſow'd up in the Lining of my Waſtcoat. The Thieves here are mighty ſharp, but we Country People are as cunning as they.

Scal. Two Hundred *Louis d'Ors!*

Nodd. Ay, and I have a Bill of Exchange, payable at Sight, for Two Thouſand Crowns, drawn upon Mr. *Tradewell* the Merchant, that is to be my Father-in-law.

Scal. But I muſt blame you a little for telling us this Story, before you are better acquainted with us. We may be Rogues for ought you know; and how could you get off then?

Nodd. O dear, Sir, I never talk freely till I know my Men.

Scal. You muſt not always judge of Men by their outſides. Beſides, the honeſteſt Men in the World turn Rogues ſometimes when they are tempted by Opportunity.

Nodd. I remember I have heard my Father ſay, That Opportunity makes the Thief: but I have a better opinion of you than that comes to.

Scal. You do us juſtice. But, Sir, you may conſider, you are not yet at home: you may chance to meet with other Rogues that

that will knock you on the head, becauſe you have no Money about you.

Nodd. That would fright me out of my Senſes.

Scal. For that reaſon, you had better accept of my Purſe: I deſire you will.

Nodd. Since you ſay ſo, I thank you. But, Gentlemen, where ſhall I call upon you to Morrow to pay you again?

Scal. We will wait upon you at a proper time. We wiſh you a good Night.

Nodd. Gentlemen, your humble Servant.

SCENE XI.

Noddy *Solus.*

Nodd. WELL: there are Rogues at *Paris*, 'tis true: but I will ſay there are ſome honeſt People there.

SCENE XII.

Noddy. Cartouche *in his Frock.*

Cart. THieves, Thieves.

Nodd. What, Thieves again! I think it rains Thieves here.

Cart. O dear, Sir! I have been rob'd.

Nodd. That's bad indeed; ſo have I.

Cart. You been rob'd? You banter me; you have got the very Cloaths upon your back that I loſt.

Nodd. Have I your Cloaths on?

Cart. Yes. I'll make Oath of it: Therefore give me my Cloaths, and take your own again.

Nodd. They are none of mine; I never wore a Linnen Frock in all my Life.

Cart. A good Jeſt indeed: but if you won't change by fair Means, you ſhall by foul.

SCENE XIII.

Noddy. Cartouche *in his Frock.* Shamwell *with a Conſtable's Staff.* Earleſs *and* Vulcan *dreſt like Watchmen.*

Shamw. WHAT means all this Diſturbance?

Cart. Ah! Maſter Conſtable, you come very conveniently. This Rogue has rob'd me of my Watch and Money.

Nodd. I declare, Mr. Conſtable, I don't know the Man: and I am ſo far from robbing him, that I have been rob'd my ſelf.

Shamw. I doubt you lie, Sirrah. This honeſt Man is more likely to be rob'd than you. The Rogues would ſcarce leave you ſuch a good Suit of Cloaths as you have on.

Nodd.

Nodd. Pray, Sir.

Shamw. Hold your Tongue: He ſeems to be an honeſt Man, and you look like a Knave. Beſides, I think I remember his Face.

Cart. Sir, I believe you may know me. I live in your Neighbourhood. My Name is *John Bourguignon.*

Shamw. The very ſame: But however, to do that Fellow juſtice, tell me what you had in your Pocket.

Cart. There was a green Silk Purſe, which he took away from me.

Nodd. Indeed, Sir, 'tis falſe: It was given me by a Gentleman in the Street.

Scal. But you know, Friend, the Receiver is as bad as the Thief.

Nodd. I'll prove him a Liar preſently. What Money was there in the Purſe?

Cart. Ten *Louis d'Ors.*

Sham. Well, now we ſhall find out the Truth. Count them. One, two, three, four, five, ſix, ſeven, eight, nine, ten. Now, Friend, you are convicted. 'Tis plain you're guilty.

Nodd. Deuce take me if I know what to ſay. Mr. Conſtable, pleaſe to hear me. My Name is *Timothy Noddy*, Son of *Humphry Noddy*, Eſq; in the County of——

Shamm. Noddy, Noddy! carry him immediately to my Houſe. I'll examine him more ſtrictly there.

Nodd.

Nodd. That's all I desire.

Scal. Do you Neighbour, come after me, to take your own Cloaths, and restore him his: then I'll hear you both at large.

The two disguis'd Watchmen carry off Noddy.

SCENE XIV.

Cartouche *in his Frock.* Shamwell *as Constable.*

Shamw. I Think our Affairs go on swimmingly. What say you?

Cart. You acted the Constable's part to a Miracle. But we have not done with him yet. He must be kept safe to night, and treated at his own Expence. To morrow I'll look over his Letters, and get Directions how to visit his Father-in-law, and I hope to make a handsome Booty out of him.

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Scene, a Room in Tradewell's *Houſe.*

Tradewell, Iſabella.

Tradewell. I am under ſome ſurprize, Child. Mr. *Noddy* writes me word his Son is come to Town. I have ſent to the Inn to enquire after him, and they ſend word that he came at eight o'clock laſt night. I wonder we han't ſeen him yet. What ſay you, Daughter?

Iſabella. I fancy, Sir, the young Gentleman is in no extraordinary haſt. Perhaps he is put upon it by his Father.

Tradew. If I thought ſo, he might e'en go about his buſineſs. He ſhould never have thee.

Iſab. What a wide difference there is betwixt his behaviour and *Freelove*'s? How genteel and engaging is his carriage to me? How obliging and reſpectful is his Conduct towards you.

Tradew. I have told you over and over, Child, that I am heartily ſorry for diſappointing *Freelove.* He ſhould have been my Son in Law long ago, but for the Bond of 10,000 Crowns, that I have given old *Noddy.* But 'tis too late to help it now.

Iſab. You may remember, Sir, *Freelove* has ſeveral times offer'd to pay the Bond.

Tradew.

Tradew. Ay, but how? Out of the Fortune I was to give you. His Father is full of money, but he loves it as his own Soul; and he parts with it as hardly as he got it easily.

Isab. 'Tis hard, Sir, that I must be sacrific'd to a miscarriage you your self repent of; and marry a man that neither you nor I ever saw in our lives.

SCENE II.

Tradewell, Isabella, Jeremy.

Jeremy. SIR, There's a Gentleman below that enquires for you: he says his name is 'Squire *Noddy*.

Tradew. O! Is he come at last? Desire him to walk up.

SCENE III.

Tradewell, Isabella, Cartouche *dress'd like* Noddy, Young Cartouche, Jeremy.

Cartouche. I'LL try whether in this disguise I can't put Mr. *Tradewell* out of conceit with the new Relation he is so fond of, and at the same time endeavour to get something out of him for my self.

Come hither Brother. Do you be sure to hide your self in a private corner of the house, that

that ſo you may let in ſome of our Gang at Night.

SCENE IV.

Tradewell, Iſabella, Cartouche *dreſt like* Noddy, Jeremy.

Cartouche. YOUR Servant, Father in Law: You never ſaw me before, and this is the firſt time.

Tradew. I am extremely glad, Sir, to ſee you now: and I aſſure you I waited your coming with impatience.

Cart. Where is your Daughter?

Tradew. There ſhe is, at your Service.

Cart. Is that ſhe? Why ſhe is not half ſo handſome as my Father ſaid ſhe was.

Iſab. A ſweet Compliment, upon my word.

Cart. Here's the miſchief now of buying a Pig in a Poke, as we ſay.

Tradew. I have been told indeed that my Son in law was a great Blockhead: and I find 'tis true enough. [*Aſide.*]

Cart. We Country men are plain people, and love to ſpeak our minds; therefore I muſt tell you in ſhort, Father in Law, that the Gentlewoman that ſupt and plaid at Cards with me all laſt night is a much prettier woman than your Daughter.

Tradew. How! Did you come to Town

yeſterday, and would you take up a lodging any where but at my Houſe?

Cart. Why not. I hate to be under any conſtraint for my part.

Tradew. Pray who might this Gentlewoman be that entertained you laſt night?

Cart. Truly, I know little more of her than you do. She met me as I came out of the Coach, and invited me to her Lodgings. I did pay well for it, that's the truth on't; for She and her Couſin won two hundred *Louis d'ors* of me, and a Ring, beſides two Thouſand Crowns that I loſt upon honour to them.

Iſab. D'ye hear him, Sir?

Tradew. Hear him? Yes indeed. I had like to have been drawn into a fine ſcrape.

Cart. Well now, we'll mind other matters. I want to get buſineſs over as faſt as I can, becauſe I am in haſt. Your company grows tireſome.

Tradew. I'll promiſe you, yours is not overpleaſant.

Cart. The firſt thing you are to do then is to pay me this Bill of exchange.

Tradew. It is right, and the money's ready for ye: but——

Cart. I have got a Letter too from my Father, wherein he deſires you to let me want for nothing. Now I have immediate occaſion for 1000 Piſtoles, that I may go and win my money again.

Tradew.

Tradew. Is the devil in the Fellow? I tell you I have no money to lend you.

Cart. Sure you won't be ſo unnatural to your Son in Law.

Tradew. My Son in Law! not ſo long as I live. I'll never take a Gameſter into my Family.

Cart. Don't you remember there is a certain Bond?

Tradew. I don't value it of a farthing. If we muſt go to Law, I am ready.

Cart. O! no Suits. I have heard ſay, that Law is a bottomleſs pit. We'll agree like Friends. Your Daughter, Mr. *Tradewell*, is not for my turn. But where is the money for my Bill of exchange?

Tradew. I told you before it was ready. There are 2000 Crowns ready counted out.

Cart. I hope you'll return the preſents I made your Daughter.

Tradew. Ay, ay, very freely. Here, Sir, take your Earrings and your Buckle.

Cart. And now to ſhew you that I won't impoſe upon you, there's your Contract. Only return me mine, and 100 Piſtoles to pay the charges of my Journey, and all's over.

Tradew. With all my heart. I did not imagine this Fellow had ſo much reaſon in him. Here's the money for you, Sir, and I think my ſelf happily rid of a very bad bargain.

Nodd. Well; well. You don't know what you have loſt by it.

Trade. Truly tis no great loſs to miſs of ſuch a Son in Law.

Cart. Farewell till next time. Have you any meſſage to my Father?

Trade. I'll take an opportunity to write to him my ſelf, and it ſhall be with laſting Ink.

Cart. If you ſend him any news, tell him *Cartouche* is not taken yet.

Trade. I'll write what I think fit.

SCENE V.

Tradewell. Iſabella. Jeremy.

Trade. TRoth, I had like to have play'd a very wiſe trick. We muſt let *Freelove* know of this however.

Iſ. O! dear Sir, I'll take that Office upon my ſelf, with all my heart. Here, *Jeremy*, run away to *Freelove* inſtantly, and tell him my Father is in haſte to ſpeak with him. As yo go along, call upon the Notary publick.

SCENE VI.

Tradewell. Iſabella.

Tradew. I am ſcarcely recover'd out of my Surprize. It is plain that our Children are ſometimes better judges than we

our

our ſelves. She choſe *Freelove* for Love, and I for Intereſt was upon the point of chuſing a Fellow that would have ruin'd us all in a few Months time: Who have we here? What ſtrange mortal is this?

SCENE VII.

Tradewell. Iſabella. Noddy *in his Frock.*

Nodd. I Have got out of their hands at laſt, and here I am; Mr. *Tradewell*, your Servant. A good Morning to you, Mrs. *Iſabella.*

Trade. What a Devil does this Man want? He has a queer whimſical Countenance.

Nodd. I ſee plainly you don't know me,

Trade. No indeed don't I, but I ſuppoſe you can tell your Name.

Nodd. You are acquainted with my Father; and I am his Son.

Trade. I know your Father? This is ſome Rogue or other.

Iſ. O! Sir, I believe this is the great *Cartouche* that makes ſo much noiſe in the World.

Trade. Ah Child! It muſt be the very ſame: I heard that he made his eſcape out of a Houſe laſt Night in a Linnen Frock.

Nodd. You are in the right of on't. I made my eſcape in the Dreſs I have on.

Trade. O Child! We are undone, we are ruin'd.

Nodd.

Nodd. But before I tell you my Adventure, give me leave to ſalute you.

Iſ. Ah! Murder, Murder. [*She runs off.*

SCENE VIII.

Tradewell. Noddy.

Trade. DEar Sir, ſpare my Life.

Nodd. What ails ye? Does my Dreſs frighten you? 'Tis true, they are a Rogue's Cloaths; but I can't get better 'till you help me to Money, for upon my Life, I have not a Farthing in my Pocket.

Trade. 'Tis certainly he, becauſe he asks for Money.

Nodd. Yes, it is I ſure enough. Who ſays to the contrary? If you pleaſe, I'll give you an account of my Adventure.

Trade. trembling. No, Sir, You need not give your ſelf the trouble. I have heard how it happen'd.

Nodd. Have you ſo? But however, I'll tell you my Story again.

Trade. I wiſh he were further off, or elſe that ſomebody would come to my Aſſiſtance.

Nodd. I was aſſaulted Yeſterday by Villains.

Trade. So I am told. In *Little Auſtin-ſtreet.*

Nodd. I am not ſure of the name of the Street, but no matter for that.

Trade. You wounded two of 'em, and ſav'd your ſelf by creeping up a Chimney in your Shirt. Then you got into a Houſe, where they

they gave you that Frock? You were like to have been ſent to Priſon?

Nodd. With your leave.

Trade. What now?

Nodd. Are you mad, to tell ſuch a heap of Nonſenſe? There is not one Word true of all that you have told.

Trade. Well, Sir, to be ſure Stories will get in the telling: all the World agrees, that you are a Perſon of great Conduct and Courage; and every Man muſt live by his Profeſſion.

Nodd. Whether Thieves or honeſt, you mean. Thoſe I met laſt night, the deuce take them, have got wherewithal to live at my expence a great while. What vexes me moſt is, I wiſh I could have that Diamond.

Tradew. My Diamond, Sir? Take it with all my Heart, if that will content you.

Nodd. What I ſhall do with this Diamond, after I have married your Daughter.

Tradew. Would you marry my Daughter?

Nodd. Yes, that's the end of my coming to Town.

Tradew. So: then we have got another Suitor. Sure this Fellow takes me for a fool, and means to affront me by aſking my Daughter in marriage. It would do me a great credit in the world to be called Father to *Cartouche*: marry, the poor Girl would ſoon be a Widow. [*Aſide.*]

Nodd. You are talking to your ſelf there: You

You ſeem unwilling to let me have your Daughter.

Tradew. No, Sir, that's quite out of the queſtion.

Nodd. What are you muſing upon then? I don't think it any diſhonour to your family to be related to ours.

Tradew. O Sir 'tis an honour we are unworthy of; but in ſhott give me leave to ſay, that your calling and mine would not agree very well together.

Nodd. I don't underſtand you. Are not we both of the ſame profeſſion?

Tradew. Am I of your profeſſion?

Nodd. Ay ſure. I was bred to a Trader in the Country, and ſo are you.

Tradew. Don't talk to me of Trade. I find you would call me Rogue by Craft. I ſee plainly what you would be at. But I muſt tell you Sir, there are many of us Merchants that would ſcorn a diſhoneſt action.

SCENE IX.

Tradewell. Noddy *in his Frock.* An Exempt and Soldiers.

Exem. preſenting a Piſtol at Noddy. IF you ſtir an Inch, I'll ſhoot you thro' the Head.

Tradew. Bleſs me! what now?

Exem. Ha! Maſter *Cartouche*, have we hold of you at laſt?

Trade.

Tradew. I knew I was not deceived. I was ſure 'twas he. What think you Gentlemen of this pretty Rogue, that came impudently to me, to ask my Daughter for a Wife?

Exem. That's nothing. He has plaid a thouſand ſuch Tricks. Faith the Dog coſt us a good deal of pains to catch him.

Nodd. Gentlemen, I'll aſſure you, you have miſtaken your Man.

Exem. That ſham won't take. The People that followed you know you too well; and the Cloths you have on are the very ſame you made your eſcape in. Can you deny that you have killed four Men within theſe two Days?

Nodd. Tis falſe; Let them come if they dare, and prove it to my Face.

SCENE X.

Tradewell. Noddy *in his Frock.* Iſabella. *The* Exempt *and* Soldiers.

If. O Sir, here's more news. I found juſt now a little Raſcal, that had hid himſelf in my Chamber; Upon my crying out, one of theſe Gentlemen came in, who knows him to be *Cartouche*'s Brother. They are bringing him hither.

Exem. That's well; and we'll confront them together.

SCENE XI.

Tradewell. Noddy *in his Frock.* Iſabella. *The* Exempt. Scamper *a Soldier.* Cartouche. Soldiers. Jeremy.

Exempt to Scamper. ARE you ſure this is *Cartouche*'s Brother?

Scamp. Yes Sir, we have had him in cuſtody ſeveral times.

Exem. Do you know old *Cartouche*?

Scamp. No; there's none of us have ever ſeen him.

Exem. to young Cartouche. Speak Boy; Is that your Brother or no? tell us the truth, and we'll let you go.

Nodd. Ay let him ſpeak; I'll ſtand by what he ſays.

Y. Cart. running to Noddy. Ah! dear Brother, how ſorry I am to ſee you in this condition.

Nodd. Here's another Rogue.

Y. Cart. Why would you ſuffer your ſelf to be taken, you that uſed to be the terror of all that attacked you.

Nodd. A brazen fac'd little villain.

Y. Cart. What a trouble will it be to our Siſter in the Work-houſe, and our Brother that's at the Gallies, to hear of the diſgrace you are like to bring upon our Family.

Nodd. Will you hear me Gentlemen.

Exem. Away with him, take him off.

Young Cartouche *taking Mr.* Tradewell *by the Hand, pulls off his Diamond Ring.*

Y. Cart.

T. Cart. For Gods ſake, Sir, take pity upon me this time; and I'll never come near your Houſe again.

Tradew. Get away, Sirrah; and ſave your ſelf if you can.

SCENE XII.

Tradewell. Noddy *in his Frock.* Iſabella. *The* Exempt. Scamper *the Soldier.* Other Soldiers. Freelove. Jeremy.

Freelove. STay, Gentlemen, whither are you going?

Exem. We are carrying off *Cartouche.*

Freel. Indeed here is ſome miſtake or other. *Cartouche* is juſt now taken at a Tavern in the *Courtille*; and this Gentleman is Squire *Noddy*, a Country Gentleman of a good Eſtate.

Exem. Then this is not *Cartouche*?

Freel. You ſee plainly he has no Scar upon his Face.

Exem. Ah! that's true. We had forgot to look there; But here's his Brother has confeſt ——What's become of him?

Tradew. The little Rogue took me by the Hand and pleaded ſo pitifully, that I let him go about his buſineſs. But I am paid well for my Charity. The young Raſcal has ſtole my Diamond off my Finger. I wonder how I came to be ſuch a blockhead.

Nodd. You deſerve it richly, faith, and I don't pity you.

Exem. Come, Soldiers, let us depart. Since

Cartouche

Cartouche is taken, we'll march before thoſe that guard him: by that means we ſhall have part of the credit of taking him however.

SCENE XIII.

Tradewell, Iſabella, Noddy, Freelove, Jeremy.

Tradewell. TRULY there have been many odd Adventures to night, if what you ſay is true.

Freelove. You may be aſſured that it was *Cartouche* that rob'd this Gentleman laſt night.

Noddy. Ay, I'll ſwear to that.

Freel. And made uſe of his Cloths and Papers to cheat you out of your Money and Rings.

Tradew. Where did you learn that?

Freel. One of my Fathers Clerks that belonged to the Gang, has confeſt the whole to me: and 'tis he who by my advice, to procure his pardon, has cauſed him to be apprehended.

Tradew. O! 'tis a happy turn. But in the mean time it coſts me 12,000 Livres.

Freel. Don't be under any concern, Sir. I have a promiſe that every thing that has been taken from you or the Squire ſhall be return'd to you.

Tradew. to Noddy. Sir, as I had not the honour to be known to you, I deſire you'll excuſe the uncivil uſage you found here.

Nodd.

Nodd. I don't trouble my head about your excuſes. Let me have my Money again, that was taken from me, and I'll go down to my Father in the Country, and have nothing to ſay to you nor your Daughter.

Tradew. Well Sir, You're at liberty to do what you think fit.

SCENE XIV.

Tradewell, Iſabella, Freelove, Jeremy.

Tradew. THANK Heaven, I have withdrawn my Contract; and *Cartouche* is taken. So now I am perfectly eaſy. We'll devote this day to mirth and jollity, and the entertainment I prepared for *Noddy* ſhall celebrate *Freelove*'s Wedding at Night.

FINIS.

Just publish'd.

THE Life and Actions of *Lewis Dominique Cartouche*, the famous French Robber, who was broke alive upon the Wheel at *Paris*, the 24th of November last. Giving an account of his Education in the College of Jesuits, and the Pranks he plaid there, of the several robberies he committed alone, and of his turning Thief-taker; how after several and various escapes, he put himself at the head of a Gang, which defy'd the publick Justice of *France* above seven years; with a particular relation how he was apprehended, and the manner of his Execution. Also an account of his bold and undaunted Behaviour under Confinement, and upon the Scaffold. The whole being a Series of Adventures and Incidents, remarkable, entertaining and full of variety. Translated from the Original just arriv'd from *France*.

The Tryal and Conviction of *Patrick Hurly*, of *Maughna* in the County of *Clare*, Gent. Before the Court of King's Bench in *Ireland*, on two several Indictments. The one for Perjury, in swearing falsly that he was robb'd to the value of Twelve Hundred and One Pounds, Nine Shillings. The other for a Conspiracy to Cheat the Popish Inhabitants of the County of *Clare*, of the said Sum, by colour of an Act of Parliament, (*Entitled an Act for the better suppressing* Tories, Robbers, Rapparies, *&c* (Pr. 1 s. 6 d.)

Of the Laws of CHANCE, or a Method of Calculation of the Hazards of GAME, plainly demonstrated, and applied to Games at present most in use. Which may be easily extended to the most intricate cases of Chance imaginable. The third Edition. Price 1 s.

All Printed for J. Roberts, in Warwick-lane.